



A REFLEX OF THE DRAMATIC EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

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At the Theatres.



If you want to give your wife hysterics and scare your children out of their wits, take them to see *Modjeska in Nadjesda*, a play that converts the Star Theatre, for the time being, into a chamber of horrors. The play is by Maurice Barrymore, the actor. It is not badly written, but it presents a series of disgusting episodes that will certainly prevent people with nerves from flocking to see it. For this reason alone the piece can never achieve popularity.

Mr. Barrymore claims that *Nadjesda* is "entirely new and original." Perhaps it is; but we scarcely believe him capable of inventing so repulsive a plot, which, moreover, it seems to us, savors of some Polish novel. Poe, crazed with rum, could not have turned out a more horrible story. Murder, suicide, illicit love, bastardy and a suggestion of incest are but a few of the criminal resources that the drama develops.

There is no need to summarize the plot. To do it justice we would have to write in blood on Tewahbury tanned skin. The dialogue is smooth and compact. The situations, were it not for their ghastliness, would be strong. At the conclusion of the prologue the acme of disgusting realism is reached when the wife, *Nadjesda*, thrusts her hand into the bullet wound in the heart of her husband, who lies upon a stretcher, splashes some blood upon the forehead of her five-year-old child, and conjures her to devote her life to revenging the father's death, and then throws herself upon the corpse of her husband to die of poison. No wonder that women shuddered at this crimson episode and that men went out to get something that would steady their stomachs for the horrors to come after.

A trifle more exaggeration of these lurid developments would make *Nadjesda* a screaming burlesque from beginning to end. In that form it might "catch on." The complications of the piece are innumerable; the devious unfolding of the story puzzled more than one of the auditors. Mr. Barrymore displays considerable structural and dramatic skill. For this reason we regret that he did not select a more palatable theme for his start as a playwright. In this he has made a grave, but not an irretrievable error.

Madame Modjeska acted the parts of *Nadjesda* and *Nadine*, the mother and daughter, very conscientiously. She let none of the opportunities given her to be thrilling pass by. But *Modjeska* is not an actress who stirs the soul. She is always artistic but seldom natural. Her emotion has not the ring of genuineness. One admires her mastery of stage technique and the finished methods she employs, but one is never moved to forget that the actress is acting. It takes a genius to do that. *Modjeska* is not a genius; she is simply talented and accomplished.

Frank Clements was very good as *Khorovitch*, the revolutionist. Ian Robertson had a nasty old man, *Prince Zabaroff*, to play. Repugnant as the character is, it must be admitted that he made the success of the occasion, acting the calculating rascal—a companion picture to the Baron de Chevalier—to the life. Maurice Barrymore was excellent as *Paul Devereux*, the lover of *Nadine*. Messrs. Coleman, Cleary and Dawson performed their more or less unpleasant duties satisfactorily. *Georgie Drew* was unfortunate in being cast for *Eureka Grubb*, a vulgar caricature on the American girl. When we say that the lines allotted her, with the intent of introducing a comedy element, were as coarse-grained as the melodramatic portions given the others, we think *Miss Drew's* position will be understood and will awaken sympathy.

The play was nicely mounted. The ladies' dresses were handsome.

There was a very large audience in the Grand Opera House Monday evening, when *Shook and Collier's* combination presented *Storm-Beaten*. The people seemed highly pleased with the performance and applauded vigorously. The cast is different in many instances from the original one. E. K. Collier gave a fine, manly impersonation of *Christianson*. B. T. Ringgold made a good *Richard Orphan*, and the Squire was fairly acted by *Edwin Varney*. *Marie Lewis* as *Kate*, and *Nelly Howard* as *Priscilla*, won the sympathies of the spectators. *Maggie Arlington* did what *Dame Christianson* has to do very

nice, but she is too comely to begin playing old women at this stage of the game. Mr. Tilton, Mr. Seymour and Mr. Stanley acted their old parts efficiently. The scenery showed to better advantage on the stage of the Grand Opera House than it did at the home theatre. The *Rajah* will be the bill here next week.

Wanted—A Partner amused a good-sized assemblage at the Third Avenue Theatre Monday. The comicallities of the leading comedians, the singing and other features of this laughable absurdity were duly enjoyed.

At Tony Pastor's there's a double combination bill this week. The Howard Athenaeum troupe and Mr. Pastor's own company furnish the entertainment. There is any quantity of diverting specialties and the funny comedy. Mrs. Partington, brings the evening to a close. Next week there will be a holiday programme in honor of G. W.'s Birthday. The Four Roses, Lester, Allen, Seaman and Girard, the Clipper Quartette and other specialties of similar magnitude will appear. On Washington's Birthday the Academy will be again utilized to make room for the crowds that always surge to Mr. Pastor's jubilees.

Confusion was transferred from the Fifth Avenue to the Comedy Theatre Monday evening, where the merry farce was received with shouts of laughter by a large audience. The *lever de rideau*, *Distinguished Foreigners*, passed off jovially. The management inform us that the "take" is extremely large, the indications being that the piece will enjoy an extended run in its new habitation.

That amusing political skit, *For Congress*, in which Mr. Raymond has hit the risibilities of our public by his irresistible characterization, General Limber, was presented again at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, before a large house, on Monday. The performance passed off pleasantly, laughter being the order of the night. Miss Bigelow, Mr. Devere and Mr. Callington repeated their former success. For Congress will draw well during the week. Next week, Callender's African Festival will occupy the stage of this theatre.

Cordelia's Aspirations at the Comique seems to be weather-proof. The gloom that has prevailed out-of-doors has not pervaded *Harrison and Hart's* pretty house, where mirth holds uninterrupted sway. There is an evenness in the attendance here that leaves the chronicler of theatrical affairs no chance to vary his weekly record.

Two events were announced for last night—too late for comment in this MIRROR. At Wallack's, where *Deception* has not met with an extraordinary share of patronage, *Lady Clare* was set down for production. This play is by the author of *Storm-Beaten*, and it has caused considerable discussion in London as to its origin. Mr. Buchanan claims that it is his own invention, while certain writers declare that it owes its existence to *Le Maître de Forges*. The cast of *Lady Clare* embraces the principal artists of Mr. Wallack's company, and new scenery has been prepared for it by Goatcher. The other event, and one that promised a larger amount of amusement to first-nighters, was the initial representation of *On the Yellowstone* at the Cosmopolitan, under the management of Miss Blackburn. From the prospectus that has been dedicated to the press, it seemed likely that the affair would prove to be a huge guy from beginning to end.

Alpine Roses at the Madison Square has been considerably improved, and the performance is now noticeably more enjoyable than it was. The play turns out to be a dramatization of a story written some years ago by Boyesen, and published, together with some fugitive sketches, in a little book dedicated to Mr. Egbert Guernsey, of this city. As the story itself is poetic and interesting, it seems strange that both poetry and interest were lost in the adaptation for the stage. It is worth seeing in the opinion of many, however, for the excellent acting done by the principal members of the cast. Miss Cayvan, Mr. Clarke, Mr. Whiffen and Mr. Le Moyne form an equipment of efficient artists that would lift any composition, no matter how lacking in merit, above the level of stupidity. Last week, in our notice of this play, we inadvertently omitted mention of Mrs. Whiffen, who acts *Uberta*, mother of the heroines. She plays the part admirably, investing it with picturesqueness and character. It will probably be some weeks before another play is brought out at the Madison Square, but several are in hand, accepted and ready for an emergency.

Last week the receipts at the Union Square suffered slightly—as was the case with all places of amusement—on account of the forbidding state of the weather. Nevertheless, the success of *Separation* financially as well as artistically is the greatest ever known in the history of this theatre of successes. The cast is admirable from beginning to end. *Miss Cary's* statuesque beauty has attracted general attention, and her representation of the wife has awakened a sadness which it lacked on the opening night. *Miss Harrison* has made a palpable hit as *Jenny Maxwell*. It is a delicious piece of comedy acting that merits the prominence

it has achieved. Mr. Whiffen, in the opposite character of *Felix Fawn*, has also distinguished himself as a comedian of rare ability. Misses Ellsler and Du Sauld and Messrs. Stoddart, Parselle, Coghlan, Morris, Chantrau, Magnus and Thompson perform their duties capably. Indeed, where such general excellence exists it is difficult to particularize. The scenery is exquisite, as we have already said. A feature of the Union Square is Mr. Tinsington's orchestra—by many admitted to be the best in the city. It is small, but the members are picked, trained men and the excellent taste their leader displays in his selections renders this department unusually enjoyable.

Three of a Kind having caught on tenaciously at the New Park, arrangements were made to cancel Mr. Rankin's date and extend the *Troubadours'* entertainment over another week. The piece is voted one of the funniest things out, and gives untold delight to large gatherings nightly.

Langtry's last week at Niblo's is a repetition of the preceding week so far as crowded houses go. She will be superseded by a party of Uncle Tommers next Monday night.

The Musical Mirror.



D'Oyly Carte's cable letter to the *Herald* was a clever advertisement for *Princess Ida*, and it helped to secure a large audience for the first performance on Monday night at the Fifth Avenue. But D'Oyly's telegraphic oleomargarine failed to save the opera from failure, the production proving that the *Herald* criticism on the London production, to which he took exception, was just in every particular.

There were several reasons why the *Princess Ida* did not score. The most important is that the libretto and the music are infinitely inferior to anything that Gilbert and Sullivan have given to the public. The next in importance was the fatal unevenness of the cast, most of it being bad and little of it good. Mr. Stetson has lavished upon the production fine scenery and gorgeous dresses, but these accessories will not compensate for the vagrancy of the book, the unattractiveness of the score and the incompetence of several of the people engaged in the representation.

The *Princess Ida* is a rebash of a former Gilbertian effort called *The Princess*, which was a burlesque on Tennyson's well-known poem. Every page of the libretto bears evidence of the *rechauffé* process. It is wordy, but the words have neither wit nor worth. The framework is the same as the collaborators have used in *Patience*, *Pinafore* and *The Pirates*. There are patter songs, nursery ballad and glee music. But Gilbert seems to have forgotten his cunning in the matter of humorous polysyllabic rhyming, and his peculiar fad of turning things topsy-turvy has lost its zest. The girl academicians are tiresome and so are weak prototypes of *Lady Jane*, the *Pirate King*, the *Heavy Dragoons*, which are dragged by the hair into this compilation of stupid nonsense. The first act was promising. It contained two numbers, "I Can't Think Why" and "O! Dainty Triplet," that delighted the house, the first on account of its freshness and jingle, the second because of its pretty music. King Gama sings "I Can't Think Why," the words of which are as follows:

If you give me your attention, I will tell you what I am:
I'm a genuine phantasmagorist—no other kind is sham.
Each little fault of temper and each social defect
In my crime fiction creatures I endeavor to correct.
To all their little weaknesses I open people's eyes,
And little plans to snub the self-sufficient I devise;
I love my fellow-creatures, I do all the good I can,
Yet everybody says I'm such a disagreeable man!

And I can't think why!

To compliments inflated I've a withering reply,
And vanity I always do my best to mortify.
A charitable action I can suitably direct,
And interested motives I'm delighted to detect.
I know everybody's income and what everybody cares,
And I carefully compare it with the income-tax returns.
But to benefit humanity, however much I plan,
Yet everybody says I'm such a disagreeable man!

And I can't think why!

The second act was colorless. A trio sung by *Hilarion* and his friends, mimicking the female students, aroused languishing interest for a moment, but from that on to the end of the piece there was nothing really worthy of applause. Even the very persistent *Princess* at the back of the auditorium were disconcerted and discouraged before the last curtain descended. The gathering dispersed completely disappointed, and convinced that either Gilbert and Sullivan are written out or that they took no pains in the making of *Princess Ida*. We are sorry on Mr. Stetson's account, for he has apparently invested a large sum on the production, but for all that he ought to know better than to throw away money on a piece which it was known had miserably failed in London. The public of this city have not arrived at that

point where they can be relied on to accept joyfully the stuff that London rejects. We have stomach for better fare and we mean to have it. Mr. Stetson will have learned a hard but a salutary lesson by the time he gets through with this last speculation.

The company, as we have said, was good only in spots. W. S. Rising, had he not over-acted and become obtuse, would have made a hit as *Cyril*. J. H. Ryley made an elaborate characterization of *King Gama* although the part itself is one of trifling importance. He sang the patter-song in his customary tripping manner. *Signor Biscolini* was robust as *King Hildebrand*, but he has not improved his vocal powers. *Wallace McCreery* was passable as *Hilarion*.

Coras S. Tanner, who appeared in the title role, has a weak voice, having neither breadth nor expression, which unsuits her for comic opera. We have seen *Miss Tanner* do very good work in drama, but she certainly is not adapted for her new line of endeavor. *Miss Benister*, a young lady who formerly sang in the Standard chorus, created a pleasing impression as *Lady Psyche*. She sang the song, "The Ape and the Lady," very nicely. She is quite a pretty girl. *Hattie Delaro*, another graduate of the chorus, did credit to the name that she has given herself. The other people were mediocre.

The dresses are very showy, but when the male and female choruses are on the stage there is too much color to be pleasing. The scenery by *Clare and Thompson* is excellent.

The Merry War is drawing finely at the Casino, but preparations are being made to do *Falka*. It seems suicidal to take off such a splendid production as the present one in the full tide of its success. The concert at this house on Sunday night was enjoyable. There was a good attendance.

At the Bijou Orpheus and *Eurydice* goes smoothly along, although the management of the company has undergone a revolution. Messrs. Bell and Freeman are temporarily out of the cast. Their parts are satisfactorily played, however.

The Bijou Change.

On Monday morning Messrs. Miles and Barton entered into an agreement with Ed. E. Rice to pay him a bonus, by which he surrendered all his interest in the present production of *Orpheus and Eurydice* at the Bijou Theatre. A MIRROR reporter had an interview with Mr. R. E. J. Miles, who is in town, upon the future policy of the Bijou, and the change of the company.

"Will you take entire charge of the present stock company?" inquired the reporter.

"Yes, from the date of the change we will manage it, taking over the entire cast."

"Had not some of the artists been engaged by Mr. Rice for more than one or two seasons?"

"I do not think so, but we are now investigating that matter. In every case we will have them with us."

"What will you do with *Orpheus and Eurydice* upon its withdrawal from production?"

"On or about the first of April, we will send it on the road. And yet we have not decided what will follow it."

"You are engaging artists for next season, are you not?"

"Yes, we have some first-class people now, and will increase the number, as next season we will have one company at the Bijou and another on the road playing the successes. I don't believe in having more, as a manager ought not to have more attractions than he can visit once a week. Next season I expect to spend most of my time here. At present, one visit a month is all I can spare."

"You are perfectly satisfied with the results of the venture, then?"

"Yes, beyond measure; it is phenomenal, as our business now is as great as when we opened. Bear in mind that the arrangement with Mr. Rice was amicable, and does not in any way affect the production. All the artists are transferred to us."

"What other affairs are you interested in?"

"I have two theatres in Cincinnati, the Grand Opera House and Robinson's. I run both of them myself. My name is being used as manager of *Miss Josephine Reilly*, who is making a successful starring tour in the legitimate."

"How are things theatrical in Cincinnati?"

"At present dull. The country is submerged in water, but the bunch of Keys playing with me last week to over \$6,000, notwithstanding. There is one point that New York managers would do well to note when sending companies on the road. They must not expect to do well by sending out a good play with an inferior cast. People are becoming too intelligent for that now, and they will find that provincial folk, as they call them, will not tolerate any inferior people in the cast."

Nat Salsbury's Investments.

Meeting Nat Salsbury on the Square, a MIRROR reporter asked him about his Wild West venture.

"There seems to be a wrong impression about it," said the comedian. "I wish it distinctly understood that I am only interested from a business point of view, and look upon it as simply a paying investment. When the *Troubadours* close, on the 31 of May, I join Mr. Cody's party, and spend my vacation with them, doing my share of the work."

"And as to your interest in Montana?"

"Well, that is a cattle ranch, I can leave it to those who understand such things. It is in safe keeping, and I think there is a big future in store for it."

"Have you discarded *The Brook and Greenroom Fun*?"

"No; we intend reviving the first at no dis-

tant date, and the latter will be produced alternately with *Three of a Kind*."

"Mr. Kilder's play is a complete success, then?"

"By all means. It is the best thing we have had so far."

"When will you produce *Fred Madden's* play, *My Chum*?"

"We keep it in constant rehearsal, but will not run it regularly until next season. He has re-written it for us. We get more fun out of *Three of a Kind*, with a small cast, than any other piece in our repertoire."

"You have no desire to visit England again?"

"No; America is good enough for us. If I had a circus I'd go to England, for, in my mind, that is the only American attraction that would draw there."

Facts About Australia.

Walter Reynolds, the well-known manager, gave a MIRROR man the following data relative to Australia's position in the theatrical world:

"As everyone knows," said Mr. Reynolds, "Australia has three populous centres—Melbourne, Sydney and Adelaide. Melbourne has four theatres—the Royal, Opera House, Bijou and Princess. As prices stand at present, the Royal and Opera House will hold \$1,500; the Bijou and Princess \$1,000 each. In Sydney we have the Royal, a \$1,500 house; the Opera House, \$800, and the Gaiety, \$750. Besides these, the Queen's, which is being rebuilt, will hold \$800, and Her Majesty's, projected by James Allison, \$1,500. The Royal, in Adelaide, is good for \$1,200, while the Academy and Garner's Theatre may be put down for about \$600 each. Brisbane, Ballarat, Sandhurst, Geelong, Goulburn and Wagga also contain good theatres of moderate capacity."

"In New Zealand, the Auckland Opera House, in Auckland, and the Royal, in Wellington, are both \$800 houses. The Royal, in Christchurch, and the Princess, in Dunedin, are about the size of the Auckland Opera House. The Theatre Royal in Hobart Town, the principal theatrical city in Tasmania, has a capacity of about \$500. You may notice that the Australians are remarkably loyal in the christening of their theatres."

"Some of the cities are pretty far apart. Melbourne and Sydney are now connected by rail, running sleeping and Pullman cars. The trip is made in twenty-six hours. It is about 500 miles from Brisbane to Sydney; from Sydney to Melbourne about 600; from Melbourne to Adelaide about the same. All these journeys are made by sea, in first-class steamships, in two days. The trip from Melbourne or Sydney to Tasmania takes twenty-four hours, and to New Zealand about five days."

"Among the Australian managers Williamson, Garner and Musgrove take the lead. These gentlemen are lessees of almost all the best property in Australia. James Allison, who is at present in New York, is the lessee of the Theatre Royal in Adelaide, one of the best paying properties in the Southern Hemisphere. All of these gentlemen are absolutely safe and trustworthy."

"In the way of theatrical attractions, spectacular melodrama has of late years drawn the most money, all the great successes in England and America having been duplicated."

"Comic opera, when well mounted, has also drawn immensely. Comedy has done fairly well; but unless mounted with the utmost care and splendidly acted it is not a drawing card. Negro minstrelsy when well presented is always sure to succeed. There is an exceptionally good opening in Australia for variety business, this line never having been really well done there. The 'legitimate' has been given with varying success, but opinion is about divided as to its near future among the Australians."

"Good attractions can rely on eight-week runs in all of the larger cities. For instance: *Ision* ran for nine and *Struck Oil* for thirteen weeks at the Princess, Melbourne; while the *Tambour-Major* held the Opera House for ten nights. The Professor had eight-week runs in both Sydney and Melbourne. Joseph Polk, with *The Strategists*, played to immense business for two months, and I myself played in *Sweet Innisfail*, an Irish drama, for four weeks in Sydney. *Pinafore*, of course, had long runs all over Australia."

"The season is continuous, suffering no break except at Good Friday and Christmas. The largest business is done during the hottest weather, and at Christmas, when the various pantomimes are produced."

"The salaries paid compare favorably with those of any other country. Leading men and ladies command from \$50 to \$100 weekly. The other lines are in proportion, down to general utility, which is paid \$15. Opera bouffe artists are paid from \$10 to \$250 a week for principal roles, the costumes being sometimes provided. These salaries should be reckoned by Americans as almost a third greater than they appear, as there is no loss of time between seasons."

"Living throughout Australia is very cheap. Professional rates at really good hotels is as low as \$7.50 a week, while private board can be found everywhere proportionately cheap. The climate is simply superb. Three months wet—never actually cold—three months hot, and six months of continuous fine weather. In the hot season it is hot, the thermometer often rising to 120 in the shade; but even at that temperature I have never felt so uncomfortable as I have in New York with the register only 93."

Casino Matters.

A MIRROR reporter yesterday encountered Rudolph Aronson taking a view of the exterior of the Casino. Entering into conversation, the manager said:

"Things are prospering so well within that I think it will soon become necessary to extend the present building. On Saturday night we had applications from five hundred more than we could accommodate."

"Why, then, do you withdraw *The Merry War* and put on *Falka*?"

"A contract compels us to do so. It provides that *Falka* shall be produced at a certain date. The opera is in rehearsal. It has made a great hit in London. The music is very original and pretty."

"Will *The Merry War* go upon the road?"

"No; it will be temporarily shelved."

The Giddy Gusher



I knew, when I was told that Barrymore had written a piece, that it was no fool of a play. That gentleman is the most intense young man of my acquaintance. An ordinary emotion of respectable size as the culminating feature of an act would never do for Barrymore. It must begin with every chord in the human heart at its greatest tension—not a loosened string in the whole gamut—and keep it up. Well, leave Barrymore and Modjeska; they are frail, but they are fearful.

The whole combination is constructed of galvanized wire—there isn't a fat, calm member in the party. The Count Rosenta, to begin with, is a nervous excitement in a dress-suit. Harry Sargent is another case of the same disease. And after passing these instances of high spiritual exaltation at the gate, the work of Barrymore and Modjeska inside fits you for morphine and Dover's Powders before you sleep.

This is called Modjeska's farewell engagement. I think it is. She will hardly last the season. The ingenuity of man never constructed a play so like a corkscrew for extracting the vitality from a woman, as is Nadjesda. There she is as her own mother, taking an hour off in the first act and terrifying the audience by telling 'em plainly all about it. Torn with grief, remorse, disgust and agony, taking poison and dying the death of a cockroach. All in one act.

There she is as her own daughter afterward, tearing her heart out, having disgust, agony and grief—grief, agony and disgust—always on the brink of repeating her mother's foolishness, till finally, selecting a pleasant murder and the same old cockroach death by poison at the last. Frank Clements struck the keynote of the play when he had a bloody, wounded arm publicly dressed on the stage. In real life I believe it's customary for the ladies of families in which frightful accidents occur, to get as far away from the dreadful scenery of dressing wounds as possible; but it's expected that nice people with full stomachs will like to contemplate an awful bloody shirt, an (apparently) dreadfully gashed and wounded arm. To sit and see it bandaged and witness the contortions of the sufferer may be a form of amusement worth introducing in plays, but the Gusher thinks the sooner the realistic details of the hospital and surgery are cut out of Nadjesda, the better for the play.

There's altogether too much nasty old man and beautiful young lady sacrifice in it. A veil could be hung up with good effect in several scenes, and a Samovar should be immediately introduced. The immorality of some of the situations done without a Samovar quite shocked some of us. But Modjeska played this nightmare splendidly, with inimitable grace and beautiful costumes.

A comic opera I've never enjoyed so much as I have The Merry War. I went down to the Thalia and saw it several times with that clever Link and Adoli in the cast. I managed to find some pleasure in it even when done by Wiley and Golden at the Star. But up at the Casino it is something delightful. You know, as an artist I do not like Carleton. As an enemy of melody he appears to me to be a success. He is the most untuned baritone-robusto in the business; but in the present presentation he is retired. Usually Mr. C., with one leg a little drawn up and a top note of terrific volume hanging over the footlights, is the impression you bear away on the tablets of memory from the beautiful Casino.

This of McCaull's is a new departure. The tulp-vender and his fan are the central figures. There is not such another lad as Fred Leslie on the boards either side of the Atlantic. And Cottrell is such a finished, intelligent actress that their scenes alone are worth a journey to see. Perugini is a better singer than Link, and is altogether more successful in this part in The Merry War than in any I ever saw him in. But Link is as clever an actor as his countrywoman Cottrell.

McCaull should get a man named Allen for the old woman, as that is the only really weak point in a magnificent production. There's just enough Amazon march, and all the girls are pretty; the choruses are capably rendered; Lily Post is pretty and sings well; and altogether The Merry War is able to give an au-

dience more thorough pleasure in every sense than anything done here for a long time.

It is to be hoped McCaull has his wicked eye on the big success Nell Gwynne. There's a great part in that for Ryley, who is going to have a Merry War with King Gama, and there's a splendid chance for splendid Leslie, and if any woman can enter into the spirit of the buson orange-girl with the noble heart, it's Mathilde Cottrell. I can't think of a company better suited to the requirements of this new opera than McCaull's. Ryley has played in it before, for Farnie's libretto was wedded once to music by Cellier, divorced and remarried under very favorable auspices to the melody of Planquette.

In this original production Ryley took part, and pronounces it a charming play. He liked Cellier's music; but then, dear loyal soul, he likes the Princess Ida. Planquette as the tuneful builder of The Cloches de Corneville receives my earnest admiration, so that I hope Colonel John will get in his graft and secure Nell Gwynne to follow The Merry War.

My interest in men's heads as objects of study in public gatherings dates back a great many years. When I was in the neighborhood of seven, or in the vicinity of eight, I used to be snatched into Centre Church (a popular institution in my native village) to hear Joel Hawes preach. Never was name built that looked so much like the man who wore it. Joel was a grizzly six-footer, put up on the same architectural plan as Abraham Lincoln. He had been a blacksmith, and into his oratory he carried the manual of arms practised in his shop. He would blow an imaginary bellows for twenty minutes, pumping at the feelings of his congregation, and the air-drawn horse-shoes he would hammer out on the Bible as an anvil would have shod every steed in the Augean Stables.

When the infant Gusher stole into that pulpit between noontime Sunday school and afternoon church and carefully rubbed into the red plush cushion about an ounce of the best red pepper, she began to feel an interest in religious services such as never stirred her young heart before. She remembers the occasion to this day. There was at that time a sort of a raised hair doughnut very popular in Connecticut. The men had their heads cut pretty short all round, but just on the top it was allowed to grow a quarter of a yard long. This piece of hair, anointed with quince-seed infusion, would then be rolled up and laid like a tube on top of their heads. I have stood up and looked through Lawyer Case's hair tunnel and blown peas through it and put paper spit-balls in it—and any little thing laying round loose in a big pen.

I was always making myself desperately handy and officious in those days, and when old Pa Button committed suicide the family allowed me to do up his front hair. A little soap and water had in life enabled him to roll up a very effective top-knot. But Mr. Spaulding, the head man in our jail, had just invented his prepared glue. A bottle of it stood on the bureau mantelpiece. I hurriedly procured the widow's tooth-brush and gave Pa Button's hair doughnut a coating of Spaulding. I shall know that dear old man when we meet on the golden shore. It's a long time ago, but the vicissitudes of burial and the ages of eternity will not have disturbed that capillary adornment. I will find him with his hair as stiff as a poker—just as we planted him—no matter what he's been through.

Well, on this particular Sunday when I fixed things for Hawes, he had invited into his pulpit a young minister afterward celebrated in Chicago as Rev. William Patton. The Reverend William had one of the popular doughnuts on top of his sleek, dark head. Joel climbed up and gave out the hymn. Young Patton made a prayer—a nice, quiet little prayer without a pound in it. Then Joel went to work with a powerful sermon. He blew the bellows while he descanted on original sin, but finally he struck a later edition of the works of Satan and began on his anvil. The Bible was open at his text—his written sermon laid between its leaves—but along at "13thly" he usually closed Bible, sermon and all and took it out of the cushion and surrounding woodwork. This day was no exception. Hang shut went the Bible and Joel brought his mighty fist down with a crash. The dander of the quick-tempered red pepper was up. In the midst of a tremendous peroration a sneeze shook Joel to his knees. He recovered and shouted, with a slap on the cushion at every word, "No, my friends; be not deceived. The devil is abroad, and—" We shall never know what, in Hawes' estimation, the devil was about to do—that which he had done was sufficient for present purposes. A volley of sneezes, coughs and wheezes interrupted his speech. The pepper reached Patton; that interesting specimen of theology joined in with vigor; he shook his top hair all to flinders and the long locks (not dressed with Spaulding, on the perpetual plan) rattled down over his eyes. It was a sad spectacle; but one much sadder was a private interview I had later on with my mother. Women have always betrayed me. A cherished friend aged ten, who had shared the fun, blew the gaff, and that young and tender Gusher caught it, as she has

been catching it from the hand of Fate ever since.

I wish the rolled hair topknot would come in. As I look about at the critics I think how much it would improve 'em. There's Gommy, he's just tampering with the idea. He throws up his top hairs lightly and gums down a trifling bang. I like to sit behind him and look at the footlights through the airy structure. It takes me back to childhood and Lawyer Case's bandoline tassel. I look at Winter. The possibilities of a doughnut on top of him are magnificent. Let me loose on that head with the tools I used on Pa Button, and I'd show you hair-dressing that would knock Myers and Co. off their perch.

Then there's Harrington. We could build a beauty on him. And Howes isn't a bad subject. I'm afraid we couldn't break the backs of enough chairs on Towse's head. And Morris is too curly. But Joe Howard's is a daisy, nothing to interfere naturally with art. Just make a lovely one at home and glue it on when he goes out. I've often looked at Stephen Fiske and wondered what finishing touch his manly beauty needed. It strikes me now—the curl on top of his head.

I think, with the unusual facilities offered by the heads of the critics, I must boom the top-knot, and revive that interesting style of male hair-dressing, because there never was such another woman to make a man's hair curl as your

GIDDY GUSHER.

Professional Doings.

—Manager Harris, of Boston, is in town.
—Dan Rice is lecturing on temperance in Florida.
—J. R. Grismer has joined the Jeffreys Lewis company.
—Dan Maguinness is playing in The Ace of Clubs in Boston.
—Madame Dolore yesterday read a play to George Rignold.
—Herr Handmann arrived from San Francisco on Sunday.
—A company will take Princess Ida on the road immediately.
—Patti Rosa's contract with Charles A. Gardner expires in five weeks.
—Miss Leighton has been playing Ada Rehan's part again in 7-20-8.
—Mrs. Sol Smith has been engaged by Augustin Daly to play in Pique.
—The Frohman Brothers have a European office in the Grand Hotel, Paris.
—Richard Foote will play Richard III. at the People's Theatre on March 17.
—It is not generally known that Marie Vanoni is one of the Zanfretta Family.
—Dion Boucicault will play an engagement of three weeks in this city in March.
—Minnie Palmer returns to America next season to make a tour of the country.
—Robert Coote, of the Langtry company, goes with Nat Goodwin for a few weeks.
—Master Barney, after a long and tedious illness, is recovered and able to be about.
—John A. Stevens' New Windsor Theatre will be situated at Nos. 37 and 37 1/2 Bowery.
—Gus Bruno and Frank Bush go on the road with No. 2 Fun on the Bristol company.
—Maurice Barrymore received several calls before the curtain on Monday night at the Star.
—Charlotte Walker, the soprano, will organize an English Opera company for next season.
—George Murphy, the minstrel, is recovered and has rejoined Harry Miner's Comedy Troupe.
—Edwin F. Mayo joins his father in Cedar Rapids next Friday to play a part in Davy Crockett.
—Albert Eaves has decided to hold on to the Twenty-third Street Theatre and will shortly reopen it.
—J. H. Hunter, late of the Windsor, has been appointed assistant treasurer of the People's Theatre.
—Pauline Hall has been engaged by Miles and Barton for their Bijou stock company for season 1894-5.
—John A. Stevens' company, headed by Sara Jewett and Henry Lee, start for San Francisco next Tuesday.
—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stevenson have actively entered upon the management of the Third Avenue Theatre.
—Seth M. Crane has left Gayler's Fun in a Boarding School company, and is at present in town and disengaged.
—The Madison Square management have now only one regular travelling company on the road with each play.
—John Stetson has reversed the usual order of things. He gave souvenirs on the opening night of Princess Ida.
—Hyde and Behman will send a comedy drama on the road next season in which the Kernell Brothers will star.
—William Mastayer recently proceed by law to enforce payment of his royalties from the Tourist combinations.
—The pug dog used in Confusion does not belong to Jarreau. It is a member of T. Henry French's household.
—Edward Bloom has returned to town after managing a short tour for a lady lecturer. He is still open for engagements.
—D. G. Longworth has ordered his communications be addressed to W. W. Kelly. Is another Duke impending?
—Harney McAuley is playing a two weeks' engagement in Philadelphia. He comes to the People's Theatre on the 25th.
—James B. Radcliffe, of Mastayer and Barton's Comedy company, has signed with Ford's Opera company for next season.
—Grace Romine, of Clara Morris' company, recently filled the star's parts during the temporary indisposition of the latter.
—Henry Greenwall—ngt. Reilly and Greenwall, has left the Tremont Opera House, Galveston, for the next three years.

—Jacques Kruger played Tackleton in The Cricket on the Hearth at the Broadway Theatre in 1868, under Hammy Williams.

—While bad weather prevents the completion of the exterior of the Bijou Opera House, the interior is being rapidly finished.

—Mr. Hilton is the latest English actor who has arrived in New York, having come out on the chance of finding an engagement.

—Manager Cellier is getting his forces together for the big melodramatic venture which he will put on the road in the Spring.

—Alfred Bill, an actor of the Eighth Avenue Theatre, and formerly well-known in the circus world, died on Saturday morning.

—Professional friends last week presented Assistant Treasurer Ruddy, of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, with a gold-headed cane.

—Simon Hauser, leader at the Chestnut Street Opera House, Philadelphia, is composing music for Belasco's May Blossom.

—Cal Wagner's Minstrels are meeting with success in Cuba. No other minstrel company ever ventured among the Spaniards before.

—After closing a two weeks' engagement at the New York Comedy Theatre, the Fun on the Bristol company are resting in the city.

—During Edwin Booth's first visit to England he was supported by a Manchester stock company, among whom was Henry Irving.

—Harry Clapham, son of the manager of the Barlow-Wilson Minstrels, has joined the management, vice George Lennox, resigned.

—Harry St. Maur has received several good offers for next season, but has as yet accepted none. He is doing good work in Confusion.

—Mattie Vickers is doing a splendid business on the road. Since the beginning of the season she has played several "repeat" engagements.

—Murry Woods, the singing comedian, is specially engaged at the Bijou Theatre, Boston, for The Beggar Student and Trip to Africa.

—During the tour of Abbey's Italian Opera company, Manager Abbey's headquarters and offices are transferred to the Grand Opera House.

—Lee Harrison has been attached to the staff of the Fifth Avenue Theatre by John Stetson. He is known in Chicago theatrical circles.

—The Flying Dutchman combination has been playing to very good business lately and is likely to keep the road until the end of the season.

—Much complaint is made about the noisy speculators who crowd the entrances to the Fifth Avenue Theatre. They are positively insulting.

—Emma Latham, who recently appeared in The Love Chase at the Star Theatre, will probably go on the road under the auspices of Gale and Spader.

—John Queen, of Harrigan and Hart's company died on Friday last. He was about 35 years of age. He had been at the Comique many years.

—The preparations necessary for the re-opening of the Cosmopolitan were so great that the opening was postponed from Monday until last night.

—E. E. Rice will endeavor to produce Marius de Lazare's adaptation of The Bridge of Sighs at the Bijou after the run of Orpheus and Eurydice.

—Agnes Booth opens in Boston on the 25th in Etta Henderson's play, Claire and the Forge Master. After that engagement Maude Granger plays the part.

—Harry Mack, having returned to town with Fun in a Boarding School, is arranging for the production of his play, with which he desires to go on the road.

—A dispatch from San Francisco, received in the city on Monday, states that W. E. Sheridan is playing to crowded houses at the California Theatre.

—John E. Hynes is doing character business with Barney McAuley, and doing it well. Mr. Hynes has met with the approbation of the provincial press.

—Digby Bell informed a Mirror man yesterday that he was improving rapidly, and would return to his part in Orpheus and Eurydice on Monday night.

—The Brooklyn Elks will have their first benefit this (Thursday) afternoon. It will take place at Haverly's. All the players in town will be on hand.

—Vernona Jarbeau has had a photograph taken in costume, with the Confusion Baby in her arms, and crowds surround the Broadway store in which it is exhibited.

—There were four babies engaged upon the stages of four city theatres last week—the Fifth Avenue, Union Square, the Star, and the Fourteenth Street Theatre.

—Carrie Swain's new play, Morning Glory, written by Fred G. Mander, was produced at Haverly's Theatre, Cincinnati, on the 9th, for the first time, to an excellent house.

—Robert Coote, of the Langtry company, has been specially engaged to play Jack Scumley in Warranted, Nat Goodwin's new play. Mr. Coote is not appearing in A Wife's Peril.

—Sarah Barrow's Dilemma is the title of the title of the piece which Leon and Cushman take on the road. W. S. Mullaly has arranged the music, and W. H. Bingham will manage.

—E. G. Tucherman, passenger agent of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, reports that he has ticketed more professionals through the South this season than was ever known before.

—The Elks' Hall takes place to-night at the Madison Square Garden. From the preparations already made, and the large sale of tickets, it promises to be the most successful held in years.

—The Lisetta Ellani Fun in a Boarding School company has returned to town to undergo the reorganizing process. They expect to start out with a new four-act comedy in a few days.

—George O. Starr is writing for a New York firm a book describing the prominent human curiosities now before the public. He will go to London this Summer in search of information.

—James R. Adams is open for engagement as clown for next season. He resumes his old name of Pico, the Clown. For several seasons he has been playing Pantaloon to his brother George's Clown.

—T. H. French, besides securing Falka, which will be the next production at the Casino, has also got Nell Gwynne, which will not, however, be produced till after the Presidential election next November.

—Morne Hunt, a Western prize fighter, some time with Hunt, has arrived in the city, and expects to go out under the Pannone-Perry management. She is said to possess fine mezzo-soprano voice.

—The Western Scouts have laid up many companies for longer or shorter periods, ranging from one night to three. Other companies have been compelled to disengage from their routes and make other dates.

—The new Academy of Music at Macon, Ga., will be completed August 15. Companies are already booking for next season. The house will cost \$1,250. The management has no connection with the old theatre.

—William Gil is rewriting The Gipsy of Fashion and putting in two additional characters, for John Stetson. The play will immediately take the road again. The day of Gil having failed to come up to expectations.

—Mrs. W. A. Folger, the famous actress, has been in the city for a week, and has been making a tour of the city. The actress herself has designs on the city.

—There has been a good deal of sympathetic inquiry for Bertha Wells during the past fortnight. After superhuman effort, we have secured her dates for a week or so—but probably too late to be of use to the anxious inquirers.

—In Pittsburg, last week, Library Hall and Harris' Museum were flooded. In the former Barrett's company appeared in Pannone de Rinaldi before a large audience, and while the waters stood and flowed within a few inches of the doors.

—Being rid of the Bijou company, E. E. Rice will now devote all his attention to Piqu, Fun on the Bristol, Princess Ida and other road companies. He has managed to send out a company playing Peck's Bad Boy, and is now filling the cast.

—James E. Wilson and Kate Battagione are doing good work in Barney McAuley's company. In the extremes of Southernness and American comedy they excite themselves more than credulity, and the press has given them no little praise.

—Townsend Percy reports that No. 1 Queen's Lane Handkerchief company left Portsmouth, Ohio, in the only available boat, and reaching Chillicothe, filed the date of Brooks and Dickson's Her Almsman company, who were unable to connect in time.

John Stetson says he has engaged eight actors to understudy the part of Columbian Blizard in Confusion. Charles Frohman has had four actors in the part of Jagan in The Strangers of Paris—Harry Lee, Danforth Murray, Joseph Whelan and David Danks.

—As St. Patrick's (March 17) is a special night in Erie, Pa., Manager Sell wants a first-class attraction and will accept none other. It is always a great holiday night there, and souvenirs will be given to the ladies. The house is to be decorated—that is, "painted green."

—Ben Baker says that within the last two weeks upward of fifty members have been added to the Actors' Fund. He has just dispatched a report for January to the prominent managers throughout the country. The meeting of Trustees will take place on Thursday at two o'clock.

—Manager and Barton are ready to erect a property truck. This was probably useful in the transportation of their baggage from the Star to the Third Avenue Theatre on Sunday last. The company plays next week at the Mount Morris Theatre, then the New Park and then Brooklyn.

—The Brooklyn Grand Opera House has had two lucky weeks this season. Sold Colonel Morris: "We gave Janushead his first success here in years; played Orpheus, which is too well known, to crowded houses; caught on with Nobody's Child, and even a week for Kate Chanson that she has had no where else this season."

—Miss Fortunate, whom we lately heard was to marry Lord Goodnight, is about to be the belle of the season for her beauty. It is certainly more than her head on the young lady after having the stage for his wife to be then thrown over. However, we would not counsel her as late to her wounded heart.

—The new Academy of Music at Macon, Ga., is ready to make bookings from Sept. 1. The house costs \$1,250, and the audience is on the ground floor. The stage is large, and 35 feet in height. The scenery is all new and plenty of it. The whole building is devoted to theatre purposes, containing no stores or offices, thus giving ample space.

—Among early bookings at the Jersey City Academy of Music are a Haverly Minstrel party, The Rajah and Neil Rogers. Harry Herdeth gave four performances of South to last week to good business. John F. Ward, Louise Balle and a good company appeared in a new play, Deuce of Hearts, on Monday night. The piece was well received by a fair to good house.

—Albert Eaves has made an arrangement to produce popular opera at the Twenty-third Street Theatre. The house will open on Monday with the Pirates of Penzance, and the bill will be changed regularly. This will not in any way militate with the alleged interests of others in the house or interfere with any current legal proceedings. Pauline, Pauline, Lillian, etc., will follow the Pirates.

—A well-known local photographer gives some figures about theatrical cast. He has had twenty-four sittings of Emma Abbott; eighteen of Kate Castles; eleven of Kate Claxton; twelve of Kate Perry; twenty-one of Clara Louisa Ke'logg; twenty of Margaret Mather; twenty of Alma Stuart Stanley; eleven of Catherine Lewis; nine of Laura Don; nine of Marion Gilmore; ten of Marie Prescott; ten of Rhoe; twenty-four of Lillian Russell; ten of Emma Thurby; eleven of Pauline Maham; ten of Minnie Palmer; twenty-two of Salvini; twelve of John McCullough; fourteen of John Gilbert, and fourteen of Tony Hart.

—Edward Witting, advance for the William Stafford company, and L. Garon, representing one of the Madison Square attractions, were caught in the Lookout Mountain railroad smash-up, near Chattanooga, Tenn., last week. Owing to the engineer's coarseness, no one was seriously injured. After raising a puny for the brave fellow from among the grateful passengers, the two agents bribed a score of station hands with a few lithographs to carry the bill-trunks over the mountain to a hamlet in waiting. Previous to this, however, they insisted in bodily carrying the baggage through the water and to a neighboring house.

The Usher.



What does she want? The ladies call him, sweet.
—Lena's Lover's Love.

The herding of the Elks to night at the Academy promises to be a jolly affair. This society not only does a vast amount of charitable work during the year in a quiet, unostentatious sort of way, but it manages to give the members of the profession and the laity who are not members of the Order one royal night of pleasure annually, on the occasion of this ball. The committee tell me there will be a very large attendance of actors and actresses this evening.

SCENE: Drawing-room.—Amateur rehearsing with professional coach.

Amateur.—You say I come on here?

P. C.—Yes. But you must fill in the pause with business until Lord Lorenzo speaks.

Amateur.—What kind of business please?

P. C.—Pshaw! Why—er—scratch your head or clean your nails—just as a perfect gentleman would naturally do under the circumstances.

[The Ladies Faint.]

Joseph Gulick informed me yesterday that his principals, Gale and Spader, will begin the erection of a new theatre in a few weeks. They have secured the ground on the corner of Fourth avenue and Twenty-fourth street, opposite the Academy of Design. The plans are now being drawn. They call for a building to seat 1,000. The style will be something like the Madison Square—only more so. A syndicate of society people are to back the enterprise. The theatre will be called the Elite and will be chiefly used for amateur performances. The need for such a house, conducted on high-toned principles, has long been apparent. The Lexington Avenue Opera House is not only inaccessible, but primitive in its stage accommodations and decidedly uncomfortable for the spectators.

Salmi Morse, they say, has been a constant attendant at the rehearsals of *On the Yellowstone*. The old gentleman studied law in the office of Judge Blackburn, of California, the father of the manageress. Because he dandled Mary on his knee, Salmi thought himself authorized to make all sorts of irrelevant suggestions, but the young lady didn't see it in that light, and she has administered some very emphatic snubs to the whilom Passion Play-it.

This weather we've been having, in the chaste language of Mr. Haysen, knocks the starch out of a fellow. The theatres are perhaps the greatest sufferers by it. Last night the people who ventured out without compasses to guide them through the fog to places of amusement, did so at their peril.

A contemporary, more given to fancy than to fact, waxes indignant because Madame Dolaro proposes to see if she cannot be compensated by legal assistance for the time and opportunity lost through the non-fulfillment of a contract she had with the Union Square management to produce one of her plays at a specified time. My contemporary would have it appear that there was no contract; that the author merely submitted her play for examination, and now goes to law because it was not accepted. It happens that there was, and it, such a document, which was drawn by Judge Dittenhoefer and signed by Messrs. Shook and Collier. This does not betray "a preponderance of esteem over common sense," but rather a preponderance of solid contract over capricious cancellation. It strikes me that my contemporary seeks to cajole an advertising establishment at the expense of truth and fairness.

She Preferred Boston.

Florence Gerard reported ready for work on Monday, but was informed that her place was filled.

Later on in the day Mr. Stetson sent for her saying she must go to Boston or go to hell. Miss Gerard preferred to go to the former place, to play the old woman, Letitia Tickleby, in the Confusion company No. 2. Miss Gerard will doubtless make a great hit in the part, retain her \$300 a week, and thus disappoint Mr. Stetson's Machiavellian designs.

Miss Gerard, though ostensibly engaged for leading business, has no parts specified in her contract. Some weeks ago she offered to cancel it, but Mr. Stetson would not agree. Now it suits her to keep her engagement and receive her weekly payment of \$300 from Mr. Stetson.

Bartley Campbell's Banquet.

Bartley Campbell was happy Sunday night. So were the ladies and gentlemen who act in Separation. So also were a number of the dramatist's journalistic friends. The occasion of this general happiness was the dinner given by Mr. Campbell at the Hotel Brunswick on that evening in compliment to the people who are interpreting his last play with great success at the Union Square Theatre.

Mr. Campbell received his guests in the parlors connected with the private dining-room on the first floor of the hotel. His immaculate evening dress was worn with a native grace that defied competition. The breadth of his smile corresponded with the brightness of his figure. The ladies invited were carefully placed apart from the gentlemen in a contiguous drawing-room, and it was opened by the latter that before proceeding to the discussion of more substantial matter Mr. Campbell proposed giving his friends a taste of the puns of Separation. In this he certainly succeeded. When Mr. Joseph Howard, Jr., had fought over the battles of Bull Run and Hall's Bluff for the edification of Henry French, Esq. (who has manifested a commendable curiosity in regard to the events of American history since the American drama began monopolizing managerial attention), and the jovial host had well-nigh exhausted his stock of anecdotal ammunition suitable for ante-prandial discharge, the scrupulous Mr. Collier appeared, leaning gently upon a cane, and the swallow-tailed contingent was at once led to table.

Here the ladies were found already seated and gazing in rapt admiration at the exquisite decorations, floral and fanciful, that decked the board. The gentlemen took their seats and gazed in equally rapt admiration at the ladies.

Mr. Campbell sat at the head of the table, with Mr. French on his left. At his right was Miss Maud Harrison. At the opposite end sat Mr. Joseph Howard, Jr., of the *Herald*, who at the host's request presided over the exercises following the repast. Around the table were the following members of the Union Square organization: Miss Eleanor Carey, Miss Effie Ellis, Mrs. Nellie Whiting, Miss Gabrielle Du Sauld, Miss Eloise Willis and Mrs. Nellie Wetherill, Mr. Joseph Whiting, Mr. Felix Morris, Mr. Julian Magnus, Mr. Lyander Thompson, Mr. Morse, Mr. James Collier, Mr. Leigh Lynch, Mr. Henry Tinsington and Mr. E. L. Tilton. Ill health prevented Mr. Parselle from attending, and Mr. Stoddard was unable to come to town from his country-place in New Jersey. Mrs. Phillips had a prior engagement. Charles Coghlan promised to be present, but through a mistake regarding the name of the hotel, he failed to put in an appearance. The other guests included Miss Julia Stuart, Mr. Steele Mackaye, Mr. Clinton Stuart ("Walsingham"), Mr. Na. Goodwin, Hon. A. H. Hummel, Robert Griffin Morris, the playwright and dramatic editor of the *Telegram*; Mr. George Fuller, the artist and New York correspondent for the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, and Mr. Harrison Grey Fiske.

The long table was exquisitely arranged. Large candelabra shed a pleasant light over banks of flowers tastefully arranged. A fragrant centre-piece bore the legend "Separation" in dark letters on a white ground. Automatic Nubians played musical selections, and an orchestra of mechanical rabbits aroused Mr. Tinsington's envy. There were bouquets for the ladies and *bouquiers* for the men. Mr. Campbell at one end and Mr. Howard at the other regaled the feasters with humorous stories that kept the table in a roar. This agreeable diversion did not, however, detract anything from the hearty enjoyment of the following comprehensive menu, which was undoubtedly the greatest effort in the culinary career of the Brunswick chef:

MEAT.
Huitres Mignonnes.
Haut Sauteuries, 74.
FOTAGES.
Monte Cristo.
Couscoune a la Sarah Bernhardt.
VARIETES.
Rost India Sherry, 75.
Tombades Venetienne.
ENTREES.
Bas a la Chambord.
Chateau Montpelier.
Cotelettes de Spring Lamb a la Nelson.
Ris de Veau pique a la Bartley Campbell.
HARCIS VERTS a l'Anglaise.
Petits Pots au beurre.
CELESTY ANTIMONY.
BRUNSWICK Private Stock.
Cafes.
Gallies piques a la Florence.
Salade de Laiton.
ENTREES MISSES.
Clove de Volapod, 74.
Les nids des Canaris ambulants.
GALANES.
La Fontaine de Separation.
Petits Fours gicler.
POISSONS.
Pommes.
Frais and Dessert.
Cafe.

If this catalogue ofainties does not make the reader's mouth water, it is simply because he is lacking in gastronomic cultivation. The Campbells discussed it with avidity. The sorbet was served in flimsy birds' nests, surmounted with heads of fugitive Southerners. The confection that followed the roast was productive of much surprise and delight among the ladies. It was in the form of golden and silver eggs, divided in half and tied together with ribbons. On opening them a canary bird flew out from each, was recaptured by a waiter, placed in a cage and given to the fair discoverer to take home. This novel idea was one of the few things that Mr. Campbell found worth bringing over from France to this country.

try last year. After the dinner the ladies were made the recipients of pretty trinkets of various devices. Taken altogether, the banquet was a royal affair, and it was royally enjoyed.

When the viands were finished, Mr. Howard, who is a breezy, graceful master of after-dinner ceremonies, arose and said that he had been requested to read the following messages from friends of Mr. Campbell who were unable to be present.

LETTER FROM SHERIDAN SHOOK.
I have no time to write, but I am

pleased to hear that you are so happy. I am compelled to leave the pleasure of accepting your kind invitation to the banquet which you propose to give the Union Square company at the Hotel Brunswick tonight. As a momentary convenience to the members of the company who have so admirably presented your play of Separation and covered its success, it would have been most gratifying to me to have been present, but the state of affairs is such that I cannot be indulging in any festivity. Will you kindly oblige me by applying to the company for my absence and explain the reason for it. With assurances of my regard and esteem, I remain, very truly yours,
SHERIDAN SHOOK.

LETTER FROM EDITOR OF THE PHILADELPHIA

"PRESS."
Full courtesy, Feb. 10, 1894.

Dear Mr. Campbell, I am very glad to hear that you are so happy. I am compelled to leave the pleasure of accepting your kind invitation to the banquet which you propose to give the Union Square company at the Hotel Brunswick tonight. As a momentary convenience to the members of the company who have so admirably presented your play of Separation and covered its success, it would have been most gratifying to me to have been present, but the state of affairs is such that I cannot be indulging in any festivity. Will you kindly oblige me by applying to the company for my absence and explain the reason for it. With assurances of my regard and esteem, I remain, very truly yours,
M. J. HOWARD.

LETTER FROM A BROTHER DRAMATIST.
I have no time to write, but I am

pleased to hear that you are so happy. I am compelled to leave the pleasure of accepting your kind invitation to the banquet which you propose to give the Union Square company at the Hotel Brunswick tonight. As a momentary convenience to the members of the company who have so admirably presented your play of Separation and covered its success, it would have been most gratifying to me to have been present, but the state of affairs is such that I cannot be indulging in any festivity. Will you kindly oblige me by applying to the company for my absence and explain the reason for it. With assurances of my regard and esteem, I remain, very truly yours,
M. J. HOWARD.

Letters and telegrams from William Winter, Colonel McClure, of the *Philadelphia Times*, and others were also read. Then Mr. Howard, in a few witty remarks, proposed the health of the host. He said that he had known Bartley Campbell when "Esq." was not a part of his name, when a neat but flowing ulster enveloped his imperial form under a torrid August sun. Although the ulster had disappeared, the imperial form remained, and what was better still, the generous heart, the active brain and hearty good-fellowship remained also. Three lusty cheers were given for the dramatist, who cleared his throat of the traces of high-pressure emotion and responded substantially as follows:

"I thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for your good will. This feast to-night reminds me of another that took place some years ago. I was barnstorming through the West. Business was very bad and my company had not received salaries in some time. On Christmas Day we were in a place which the makers of maps have not deemed worthy of notice. Finances were in a state of acute prostration, but I knew that we had all the materials for making merry at hand—except hard cash. We determined to enjoy the anniversary in festive fashion. The hostelry's cuisine was conducted neither on an extravagant nor a bounteous plan, but what it did furnish we thoroughly enjoyed. I think the digestive powers of the profession were better in those days than these. After the banquet was finished the company joined hands with me in a circle and sang 'Auld Lang Syne.' It didn't help business though. A few days after, a manager similarly placed met me and we compared notes. I related our Christmas pastimes. 'How did you do it?' said he. 'Taking out salaries by singing 'Auld Lang Syne' is better than paying salaries any day.' Times have changed since then. Those salaries have been paid. One member of that same company is at this board. Probably the difference of that frugal Christmas banquet and the one we have just discussed strikes her—it certainly strikes me. I invited you all here to-night; you, the members of the Union Square company; and you, the members of the press, to thank you for what you have done to make Separation a gratifying success. The piece was rejected by three managers, but my friends Shook and Collier saw merit in it and gave it the inestimable advantages of production in their theatre. All that a plethora purse and a generous policy could do for Separation, they did. They gave it a splendid pictorial background, they allowed the author to develop his own ideas without hindrance, realizing, as few managers do, that the author knows something more than outsiders about the play he has written. The value of the co-operation extended me by the members of the cast I cannot overestimate. They developed me as assisted me. They accepted my suggestions in a spirit of real helpfulness, and to their artistic interpretation of the characters of

my piece I owe a large share of its great success. The best with I can extend a dramatist is that his works will always fall among such talented and agreeable people as the ladies and gentlemen of the Union Square company. I must also express my gratitude to the gentlemen of the press. I was a journalist myself once, and although I've played truant I expect some day to return to my first love. In dealing with Separation they have treated my work critically and myself courteously. If I can bring myself to believe the almost unanimous commendation it has received at their hands, I shall be happy for the rest of my existence."

The second toast of the evening was Steve Mackaye, whose genius as playwright and inventor Mr. Howard highly eulogized, supplementing his remarks by the sincere hope that Mr. Mackaye would soon have another theatre, in the management of which the Christian element would have no hand. Mr. Mackaye replied in a few well-chosen words. Miss Carey, described by the chairman as "the leading lady whose statuesque beauty and dramatic talent had materially assisted Separation to success," expressed appreciation for the distinction. Manager Collier said he was disappointed to speak for Mr. Shook, who was unavoidably absent. "Had he been here," continued Mr. Collier, "he would have enjoyed himself as completely as we have all done. Mr. Campbell has credited us liberally with the triumph we are helping him to celebrate, but with his well-known modesty he dwelt too lightly upon his own merits. The play's the thing, and we have merely done our best to give a great play adequate surroundings."

Counsellor Hummel happily responded for the Bar, playfully chaffing Mr. Campbell, his play, the company and their managers. His speech provoked a good deal of merriment. In toasting THE NEW YORK MIRROR, Mr. Howard said that it had done much to advance dramatic art in this country and was always ready to support any measure beneficial to the interests of the profession; it had attained its influence by steadily pursuing a course of fairness and justice toward all. Mr. Fiske, the editor, replied that THE MIRROR owed its success solely to the dramatic profession, which had at all times shown itself ready to appreciate and support a journal conducted in its interests on decent principles. "This dinner," he continued, "means more than a graceful compliment from the author of Separation to the artists successfully illustrating that play. It is a white stone marking the advancement of the American drama. For many years the native playwright has struggled unequally against the flood of foreign plays. Our managers, intent only on acquiring money, preferred to duplicate European successes rather than create successes at home. Mr. Casarman recently, in a letter to a daily paper, asserted that art is cosmopolitan and must be conducted on cosmopolitan principles. This is not true, at least under the existing state of things. The French, the Germans and the English have protected their native drama, and the consequence is that each of those countries has a national dramatic literature. We must emulate their example. We have the talent; all we need is opportunity. We must encourage our dramatic infant, nurture and develop it. To do this protection is essential. When it has attained its majority we can open the gates, if we choose to then, and let in foreign competition without fear, for America leads the world in most things, and if given the chance it will bear off the palm in the field of dramatic composition. The triumphant production of Mr. Campbell's play at the leading American theatre is a great step forward. It will no doubt impress managers of the other stock theatres with the advisability of looking near home for their material."

Mr. Morris, of the *Telegram*, made a humorous speech appropriate to the occasion. After several attempts to bring Henry French to his feet had failed, this gentleman, with mock severity, arraigned him as the enemy of the American dramatist, the fiend incarnate who was instrumental in bringing the works of foreign authors to this country, and succeeded in losing the tongue of the sphynx-like junior partner of the firm of French and Son. He explained that business interest was the sole reason for his partiality to trans-Atlantic productions. So long as they brought gold into his exchequer, so long would he continue to import them. When the American drama was sufficiently developed he would reverse the present order of things, fetching no more foreign works to the United States, but sending American plays to England and France. Mr. Tilton made the briefest of the several post-prandial discourses. "I marked and cut a speech this morning," said he, "but I left the prompt-book at home. You will have to excuse me."

When the pow-wow was ended the party broke up into groups and indulged in conversation and champagne until one o'clock, when they bade the host good-night. Mr. Campbell's health is not good. He left last night for a fortnight's trip down South. He will go to Florida, and then pay a promised visit to Joseph Jefferson at his Louisiana plantation. Mr. Campbell will probably have money enough to pay his expenses. Last week his Siberia company made \$1,750, and his White Slave troupe cleared over \$1,400. This, together with his share of the spoils of Separation and royalties on *My Partner and Friend*

and *For*, brought his receipts up to the neighborhood of \$5,000—a very pleasant figure.

The Mirror wishes Mr. Campbell a pleasant trip, and hopes it will bring him when he is in quest of rest and recreation.

An Unexpected Meeting.

A representative of THE MIRROR was greatly astonished to come face to face with Dr. Hamilton Griffin on Broadway Tuesday afternoon.

"Hello, Doctor. Thought you were in London?"

"I came here unexpectedly, and did not make any previous known. Arrived on the Galia last week and sail again on the same ship."

"Your star is brief."

"Yes. I had some financial business to attend to in Kentucky. It took all the time I had between sailings to get through with it."

"You are gratified with Miss Anderson's success, no doubt?"

"Eh, my boy—clandestine the word. The two captured 'em, and no mistake."

"What's the truth about Letta?"

"She was doing splendidly when I left. She was applauded at four by bad management. I never saw such wretched handling in my life. Her disaster followed up one mistake by another. But the little woman is all right now. She has won her own degree in competence within the theatre and opposition without."

The Doctor looked well, happy and prosperous. He left yesterday morning at six o'clock on the Galia.

Denies the Soft Impachment.

A reporter called on Florence Gerard yesterday and found her slitting up with her husband Maria Davis. Miss Gerard said she was better, and hoped to be playing again next week. Although her accident had pulled her down, she looked charming.

Miss Gerard said: "By the way, I saw in THE MIRROR that I was originally a railway actress in Boston. Now, as I left Boston when I was three years old, and did not return to this country till this season, I hardly see when I held that position. However, it seems that I am becoming one now, and the public seem to like my 'specialties'—that's what you call it, do you not?—better than my acting."

"Do you intend to remain here next season, Miss Gerard?"

"Well, that depends. You see, the public seems to like me now, and I hope to be able to stay another season."

Fedora on the Road.

Marc Klaw arrived in town on Sunday in advance of the Fanny Davenport company, which appears in Williamsburg next week. Being asked for some particulars of the tour, he said:

"I don't think any American star ever achieved such a triumph. Everywhere we played, both artistically and otherwise, Miss Davenport received an almost royal welcome. The authorities in many cities, and public bodies as well, honored her in every way. In the South, and particularly in New Orleans, where the French element is very strong, there was a great furore, and the town of the day received warm acknowledgments."

"Will you pay many more visits?"

"We cannot very well do so this season, as our dates are all fixed; but we shall play longer engagements next season. In New Orleans we billed the town in French and English."

"Then, Miss Davenport will continue to star in Fedora next season?"

"Undoubtedly. We have chosen of the best time and done all over the country."

"How is Miss Davenport's health?"

"Very good, indeed. Considering the conscientious way in which she does her work, and the fatigue and labor of travelling, she bears up wonderfully."

"Will she appear in New York again this season?"

"It is uncertain as yet. If we can arrange an exchange of dates we will do so. Next season she will play a long engagement here."

A Denial from Boucicault.

A Mirror reporter, speaking to Dion Boucicault yesterday upon his recent tour, usually sympathized with the actor upon the illness which prevented his appearance at some club in the South.

"What illness, what non-appearance, Mr. Boucicault?"

"Well, it was reported that your illness would not permit you to continue your tour."

"Not a word of truth in it. I have never lost a performance or date since the beginning of my season, and am as sound as a three-year-old."

The reporter informed Mr. Boucicault that when the rumor was circulated he had called at the Victoria Hotel and was told that although Mr. Boucicault was resting he could not be seen. The star then said:

"There must be a mistake somewhere."

[The mistake (it must be with the sender of the despatch to THE MIRROR from a Georgia city. The despatch announced the comedian's sudden illness and inability to play, and the physician had prescribed rest. Mr. Boucicault returned at once to New York, leaving several undated dates.—ED. MIRROR.)]

"When do you go to Australia?"

"I cannot say. If I go at all, it will only be for about ten or twelve weeks during the coming summer. I remain in America all next season."

On Tuesday next at the Madison Square Theatre there will be a revival of Charles Barnard's operetta, *Ton Son and Tanti*, which are to initiate the rising generation into the mysteries of comic opera. The libretto will be read by the Rev. Dr. Shackelford and the music will be rendered by the choir of the Church of the Holy Trinity.

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